THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

IN PREHISTORIC DAYS.

School Master—Now children, upon this, the last day of school for the term, I desire that you all do something rather dangerous, in kind of heart you understand, to remind Uncle Sam that the Bride of the Air is not modest, nervous nor bitter mention pain upon them in any way. You are dismissed, my children.

The children, the beasts of the field and the birds of the air.

"Say, boy! What would you take to say if he knew you were doing an Sunday?"
"Just wait a minute and he'll tell you. He's over there playin' ball."

PAN AMERICA.

WOULD BE EASY FOR HIM.

Her Father (a millionaire)—I hope you appreciate the fact that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl.
Her Lover—I do, sir; and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father.

formance of years in specializing the preacher its wages buying a wood at the time, often. He was nearly looking as his watch. "Didn't you see how everybody stared at you as a terrified way when you entered your house?"
"I wasn't appreciating the attention, George," replied Mrs. Ferguson, really to say: "I was trying to tell a mouth"—Chicago Tribune.

Rejected.

"I received a lot of rejected manuscripts to-day," said Titmarsh to a friend.
"Did you? I had an idea you had an ambition to shine as an author."
"Not exactly that. You see, my girl she I contained, and she returned all my letters."—Tit-Bits.

A Man With a History.

First Bookman—Try asked director who just left us has so interesting history.
Second Bookman—You don't say! How do you know?
First Bookman—I just gave him a copy of an old school history.—School Board Journal.

"Can't you find anything better than begging a dog?"
"I guess that's so, mister. There are robbin' also, but I know which pays or well in proportion to the effort exerted."

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS.

Mr. Blank believes the full moon has some effect upon the mind.
He—I don't know, but it has considerable upon the mind.

The Developing Enemy.

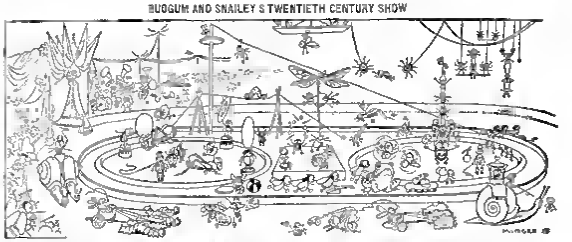
"I never saw anything quite so mouth, dying," sarcastic commentator Mr. Ferguson other day and left the circuit door and started homeward, "an that per-

Mrs Blank—Why you have been I to and on your coat! Now you've been with that odious blonde again.

A COMMON OCCURRENCE.

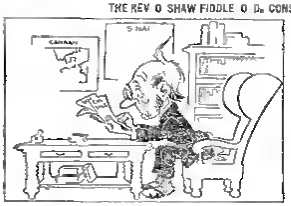
Jones—I beg pardon, I thought you were another person.
Smith—Well, since it

BUGGUM AND SNAILEY'S TWENTIETH CENTURY SHOW

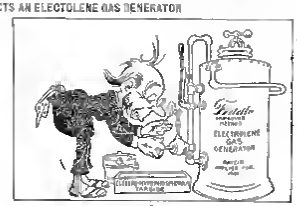


The Pre-eminent Hippodrome Circus and International Insect Aggregation—A living encyclopedia of Bug World Wisdom. Hi-cent, ten-H Aerotic chameleon, seven 4-cent apes in two steps, elevated stage and movement kinodrome. A serial artists revolutionize performing 4 ant apes of the species Homo sapiens, refined mouse and cockroaches, overcoat in exercises of Bugs' anatomy over the town specials. At seven o'clock promptly there will be held in the Hippodrome Building a grand bug intelligence. To secure seating room a 2-cent Special Car stops at every square. Secure your tickets in advance and avoid the rush. Don't buy the big show by mistake on the grounds. Bugs in arms go free.

THE REV. O. SHAW FIDDLE, O. D., CONSTRUCTS AN ELECTOLENE GAS GENERATOR

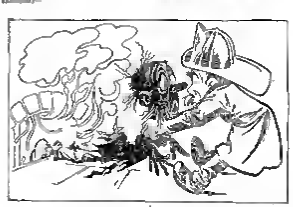


"Good ladies and Brethren of all Creeds: It seems to me especially appropriate, this Three holy and sacred days of preparation and worship, that I should address you on the subject of Electolene Gas. I will build a machine as I personally enter the pulpit, and when perfected I will present it to the church, and there shall be no more pulpit and no night and no candle, nor its light." Decidedly and the unanimous congregation shall rise up and call me blessed."

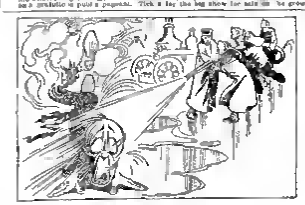


"Praise be! There we are, sir. That represents years of experiments for producing the gas—those in which the water is allowed to drop on the carbonic-monoxide-hydrocarbon formula and those in which carbonic dioxide was all along there without. I have invented an entirely new method of combining the stuff. I will now turn it on and examine—"

"What is the If"



"Shades of Sandwich, Muldoon and Andrews Presumptuous, sir, I do be cause that to call me a blasted old idiot."



"Even true did; with Pharaoh's boats, his chosen captains, his colonel and his chariots."

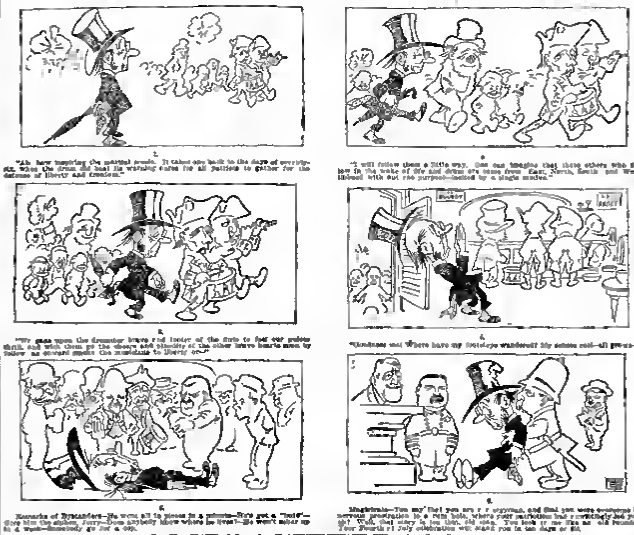
Hamlet, my dear this morning will be found in Basket, third chapter, seventeenth verse, and read following: "Whether the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them. To die—to sleep, no more; and by a sleep to say we end the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep; to sleep! perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub; for in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause. There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life; for who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay, the insolence of office and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes, when he himself might his quietus make with a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear, to grunt and sweat under a weary life, but that the dread of something after death, the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns, puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all; and thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and enterprises of great pith and moment with this regard their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action. Soft you now! The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered."

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

IN A MINUTE.

She—Some one ought to tell that boy's mother that he's so spoiled. She—She's probably near a report to that effect.

THE REV. O SHAW FIDDLE, D. D.—HE IS THE VICTIM OF MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.



1. "Ah, how inspiring the spirited sounds. It takes one back to the days of seventy-six. When the drum did lead the wrinkled rules for all nations to gather for the defense of liberty and country."

2. "I will follow them a little way. One can imagine that these others who follow in the wake of the band are the men from East, North, South and West, blended with our own purposes—united by a single motive."

3. "We pass upon the frontier brave and lover of the fair to fight our private strife, and with them go the sheen and nobility of the other brave hearts men by honor as stronger under the constraint to liberty are."

4. "Goodness me! Where have my pocket-go wandered! My actions cold—all gone!"

5. Remarks of Bystanders.—He wrote all to please in a minute—Bill get a "brief"—drop him the sticker, Jerry—Does anybody know where he treat—He won't solve up in a week—Abominably go for a day.

6. Explanation.—You see' that you are a surprised, and that you were overcome by nervous prostration by a sudden shock, whereby your particulars had previously not you, you? Well, that story is too late, old chap. You took it on the fly as the President was Friends of July celebration with many hours in an days of fat.

A LONG TRAMP.

"To avoid the rocket and smoke of the celebration I took a long tramp on this memorable day."

"What a happy idea you developed in the choice of an event! One poor and tramp favor it be an agreeable companion!"

MERCANTILE PATRIOTISM.

"I might I need buy fat delay drag, but I carry for fine cents. Don't you and it for that?"

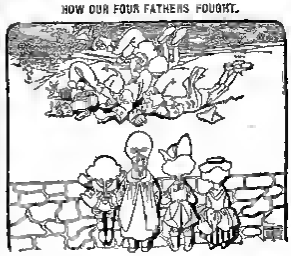
"My dear little sir, I'll never lower the Stars and Stripes."

UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Papa Washington—George, Neighbor Fairfax has reported to me that he had lost some of his choice apples. Now do you know anything about it?

George—Now, see here, father, just because I acknowledged that cherry tree racket you needn't think I'm going to own up to all the devilry committed in the neighborhood.

HOW OUR FOUR FATHERS FOUGHT.



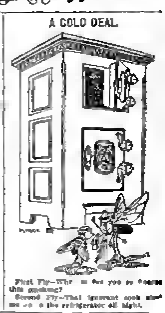
A FOURTH OF JULY INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.

"That you would abolish the note to buy pistols? Likely your conscience runs shy that! Instead I'm not made of money.

Samuel—Huh! Looks I'd better light cut-quick or he tells me there'll be no fifth dates presently.

Moral—Don't be a right dad.

A COLD DEAL.



First Fly—Why in the you go to cross this crossing?

Second Fly—That ignorant cook over me as the refrigerator all night.

ON THE ESPLANADE

Mrs—I wonder what the poor Indians think when they see the marvelous changes of two hundred years?

Mr—I don't believe they remember that far back.

How They Call Him Sir John.

In a certain English school it is the custom when a new boy arrives for the master to call him by name before the whole class, so that this may serve as an introduction to the rest of the scholars. One day a new boy came to

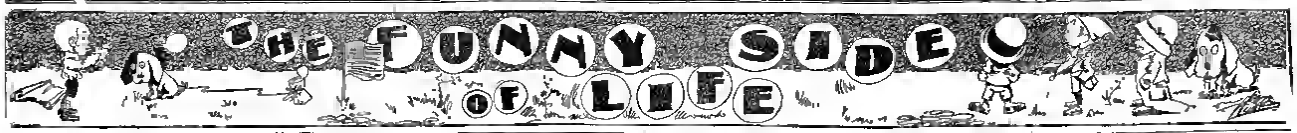
THE REASON WHY.

Mamma—Why Bobby your title slater thumbs and a better memory than you.

Bobby—She don't have to remember nearly so fine

Mr. Bug—Good gracious! My dear, here must be a terrible battle going to occur—hear the cannonading in very heavy.

Postal from an King's case farm letter.—I hope these few lines will find you well.



The Summering of Miss Frivolity.

IN TEN PICTURES—No 3

AT AN INLAND LAKE.

Transformed to the idolatry of Public Miss Frivolity,
To queen of town social affair granted which below,
With brown rocked canoes and the dipping oars all above:
The sunrise from the hills, here has it to since the smiles
There nothing near the tropics more or picture pooping our
Above beyond the sloping vineyards coming on the other.
Now comes the noon day heat, and the dancing hot ship,
Above the songs the rowing oars come rushing crowding hills.

From north lands to tropic, where nothing moves or sound,
The lake as round, no ruffle breathe they she scarcely
Pressed by green hills' fringed, a mirrored colors, reappears
The s dipping soothing dipping rival s wrestling paddle chorus.
No [illegible] sounds are rustling of Terpsichore dance
Her face tanned with the sun, little blue fit that she wore tab.
She [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Frivolity discovers latitudes of [illegible] seem heavy.

When hazy are pigtail destroyed s coming hot s opens station reappears pram.
But
In tinge fancy sky, his brown fairy-powers noticed
With sunlit some scarlet [illegible] her in blue sympathies
Are pricing largest s [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Shall [illegible] reappears [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Miss Frivolity [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
With many impertinent in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Then packing—price book readings—to hear guessing—of the gone. —H. H. W.

SHE KNEW HOW HE GOT IT.

Mr. Wendy Wait—I am the architect of my fortune.
Mrs. Wise—It was lucky for you that some one had nothing important around when you were building it.

HACK AUTOR PHILOSOPHY

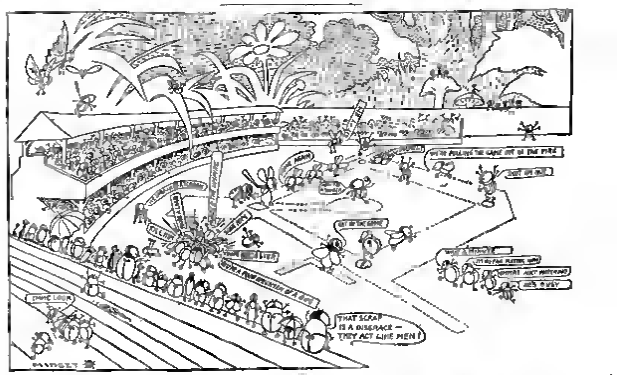
When I come to Pierpont Morgan,
And his yacht,
A rather liked, after all, he'l
Made of dust,
And we'll turn to dust again—
Which is natural, but then
I should like to be Pierp. Morgan
With his dust.

When I think of Albert Edward
With his crowns,
To command upon his worries
I am sorry;
And I take the earthen bed,
And weary royal head,
But—I'd like to lose some stock blanket
Up in shares.

It is sad, very sad,
To observe
How sent philosophic corpse
Strips a nerve,
Gold and glory are not all,
But we leave for that call,
We decline such things to invest:
Get the nerve.
—Baltimore American.

Lewis—Do you tell me why for you are like a bell
Jones—I don't because I'm "made up" every night.

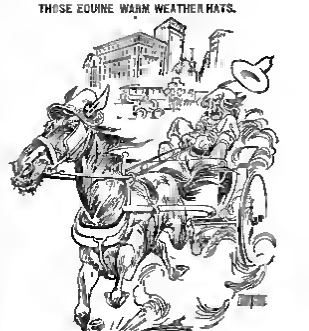
A BUG LEAGUE BATTLE FOR THE BASEBALL PENNANT.



SHE KNEW

"Does you chink dot young millionaire is a certain[illegible] unreasonable?"
"Sure. Money talks, you know."

THOSE EQUINE WARM WEATHER HATS.



Uncle Nickerbocker—When that Rocky Point it, went to protest
Reporter—There's a furniture van ahead with a mirror on the rear end. I want to see if any boat's on display.

A DEAD TRAMP.

Mrs. Vonnerved (sympathetic)—Poor, hungry man. Don't you know I like tramp steak?
Mr. Vonnerved—Oh well, don't shoot! All of a few tramps. Besides, the pepper we use leaves you for it.

"Theme to hear Prof. Jones's lecture on "The Cycles of Time?"
"Why, no; I'm not interested in it. He's a bicycle repair merchant."

A TRAGEDY ON THE BEACH.

He—Darling, I could sit here forever and listen to your words of love and devotion. A fool whose heart would be callous to such an outpouring must indeed have a soul that is—

Crab Man—Here, tried and it work!

Boy—Cal, Bonnie up in in it? you is you's going up a big passenger!
Clark—Well, why in you going? you? Don't you know where he bonnie at?

Friend—Has it's no wife on you at
Rich—Notice that too. She's got [illegible] by mary

MISSION INDIANS HOMELESS.

In carrying out the provisions of the [illegible] just issued by order of the United States Supreme Court, in the case of the Warner ranch station the Mission Indians of San Jacinto Valley, Sheriff of this section has not only a disagreeable duty to perform, but one that is felt by the residents of the section to be most unfortunate.

Letters to this office have been received at the Interior Department from [illegible] appeal. Both the Sheriff and [illegible] from officials of the Department of Justice. While none of these criticise the decision of the Supreme Court in its action in the case, they will decry the necessity of dispossessing these Indians of their lands and homes which they have occupied for several [illegible], and it really does not seem that such a course is necessary.

The case in question carries the history of the Indians from the Supreme Court of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

MATTER-OF-FACT MAIDEN

"Ah!" sighed the doctor poet, "if I were what you believe I am I'd live in the glad, enthusiastic, entrancing world of poesy. But you see, alas, that I am only a doctor—and you unconsciously realize that something has touched you somewhere—that some fortuitous nerve has thrilled you unspeakably!"

"Why—I don't know," answered the young woman, with a nervous start, "but I did think I felt a chigger a minute ago."

HIS PREFERENCE.

"I prefer her, but you like it not here and meditate while you flower in the rear of the brothers."

"Yes, it almost drowns the ragtime piano playing up in the hotel."

HIS REASON.

Her—Will you tell me why you are so fond of the sea?

He—Because the shore is good.

Many Years Thought.

Frayed Fagin—I dreamed last night that I found a thousand dollars.

Hardened Mobb—Wot did you do with it?

Frayed Fagin—Touched it away. I knew if I tried to spend it I'd only get write up.—Judge.

Was In His Location.

"Lived here all your life, Uncle Dave?"

"Yes, sah."

"Ever tried to lynch you?"

"No, sah. Ah neighborhood what I live in ain't rich enough for repel.—Atlanta Constitution.

Not Interested.

"Do you favor the passage of some law that is apt to open the eyes of men to the evils of the Prohibition.

Jay replied the man addressed. "I'm not interested in the price which conquers immorality."—(Yonkers Statesman.

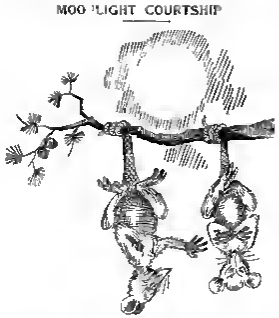
Evidently a Friend.

Policeman—You say that I was out driving with a member of a trust?

Prisoner—Yes, he belongs to one of the big ones.

Police Court believes it. He never tried to persecute me even."—(Yonkers Statesman.

MOONLIGHT COURTSHIP



He—Oh darling, say you love me! Say you will be mine!

She—Why, what's the matter with you? Have you been drinking?

Taken Vs. Spoken.

"How long did it take you to write that book of yours?"

"About four years."

"How much did you get for it?"

"One thousand dollars."

"Well I made that in four seconds the other day. I thought as a good return for a new health food."—(Chicago Tribune.

Engagement Off.

"Is the engagement off?"

"Yes. She advised me to practice economy, and he started in by getting her an invitation ceremony."—(Detroit Free Press.

WHEN THE WORM TURNED.

"Henry" exclaimed Mr. Pendleton, looking up from his newspaper, "what do you suppose is the matter with the Democratic party?"

"Why, I suppose," answered Mrs. Pendleton, "a couple of times they tried to make nominations on the old platform, that's all. I just went right on the embossed book, like, before, and—and—"

Many Accusations.

"This paper says Jim-so-Dyes at will contract his living anywhere in."

"That's noble. This new college pitcher on our team has gone on it. He ate a dozen times this season."—(Detroit Free Press.

Conclusions.

Miss Prudie Puritan—It's wrong to wear corsets, Miss Bias. Don't you know it?

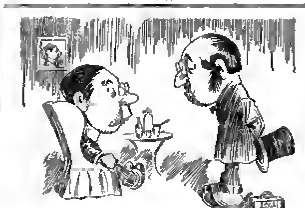
Miss De Pitte—Neither did she wear any clothes.—(Philadelphia Inquirer.

He—Is it possible, Miss Cutting, that you have never heard of Mr. Shallow Pate?

She—Why, I have met him several times.

Patient—Can you give me any hope, doctor?

Doctor—Not with all I see around me!



Ex-Shallow Pate—Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this rush of blood to my head?

Dr. Cutting (after a look)—Oh, it's only a circus.

Pat and His Ambition.

Pat was mooching around the fire flush looking for work. Noticing a gang of men loading a large locomotive alongside, he walked on it in forecastle and called

"Does some one more hands, Chris?"

There were a few men carrying sheets single from the quay shore along a plank up to the ship.

"Can you carry them in the" inquired the foreman.

"Sure!" replied Pat, with the smile of a man who had an easy job on.

"Very well, you can start now."

"What's the use without waggin' for pardons?"

"Place work—let' could for each one You carry on the ship.

Pat knew it by keeping ordered an easy, and carried it with ease across the plank and on to the ship. With the view of doubling his pay he picked up a couple the next journey and ran walking along the narrow path when the plank broke and down went Pat in to the water with both sheets—one in each hand.

Nothing was seen but a bubble for a while.

Presently Pat appeared on the surface of the water for the first time and yelled out:

"Hello, boss! Chuck me down a rope, an bogosh, he'll chrop chalks absolutely things.—(New York Times.

"Do you are going to try to pay down like another day?"

"Yes."

"You'll have your hands full to do it."

"I hope so. The wiser friend told the full thanks to others or I would have paid three long ago.

Her Palmpertation.

First English Lord—Did you propose to Miss Portsworth?

Second English Lord—No. Yo. Her father I has to have any business dealings with a woman.—(Life.

No Answer.

Him—Did you ever kiss a girl before?

Her—Aw! I do op this a beginner"—(Detroit Free Press.

A Self-Protectionist.

"Do you believe in preparedness?"

"Well, yes, self-protection."—(Detroit Free Press.

A SLIP UP.

"I heard your brother say this morning that I showed on age. Do you think so?"

"No, indeed. I think you try to look it."

ECONOMICAL PAPA.

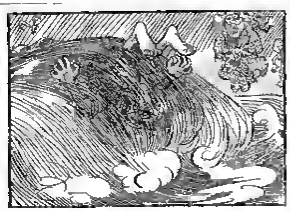
"You says he will never consent to our marriage," sighs the maiden.

"That just like papa," replies the youth. "He's always looking for some bargain. Now, if I could only get him to buy a bicycle built for two, I'd stand a mighty good chance of being the happy recipient of a stylish wedding."

INTRODUCING MR. HENRY PECK AS NEPTUNE.

Henry Peck—Mr. Henry Peck, you are charmed. You are about—you needn't mind.

"Henry Peck, you look out for that big wave, you reckless wretch, you!"



"Oh, save him! save my darling husband!"

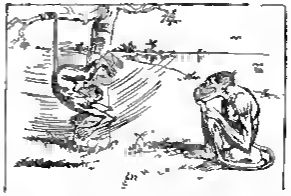
Aye, pard, I'll. If Mrs. Peck—I'll teach you to make a mock-sea of the nautical school.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

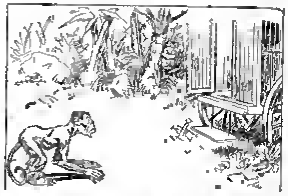
ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.

"I was born 11 the 1ead ago, and of none but respectable classes and but fa. ther little was to understand it as early date. But if I made a fool of myself I would have to pay for number's bill."

"There happened the most events Perhaps in childhood, and I gradually came to understand that my mother mean because where she worked her left side. My father was very, Even home mixer of he-ness, and he seemed to think my being. ing up could safely be rested to mother's hands."



"In time I came to indulge in sundry practices and kept off the grant, and when I was a year old for month a Fan b Action could beat me in races Uricks."



"At the end of another year I was sure that I knew as a fact as it, but, has has here and there all a the world for me to learn. I was on. of the, you are sure dar. his try myself on the best lea. ... ... observed a cat cruising on the f. ... My ... ...

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Rollo and His Tutor.

Etc.

Saving Him Oh.

The green-whiskered man-fish lifted all healthy into the wings to receive the shower of minutes that poured on the others.

"There's some relation," he began.

A deformed minute took him in the eye.

"They think I'm a vegetarian as a—An egg splattered over him.

"Or—morning, they still think it's late."

They were "parboiling" the shape, but it took a carload of disinfectants to neutralize the work the next day.—[Joel Chandler Harris Herald.

Her Womanly View.

"I suppose you cannot see down below," said the young man who had just been handed the frosty mit, "but you should remember that it is common to have plenty of money and still be unhappy."

"True," replied she of the refrigerator glare, "but I would rather be unhappy with money than smooth it."—(Chicago News.

A Gentle Youth.

"They gave him a wedding for a gift," said the neighbor delightedly, while the young couple had departed "What a blessing!"

"Yes, dear," replied his wife, with contentment bored, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—[Philadelphia Press.

"I say—I need ye work to-day."
"Yes, my son."
"Is the right text—and true text make that yard stick's or?"

Good Business.

"The Maid exhibited the saucy poet. The Man of your giving me fifty cents for that sonnet. Do you think that a fair remuneration?"

"Well," replied the editor "I really believed there was worse cents but poetry in it."—[Philadelphia Press.

The Cynical Caliper.

"Gentlemen!" remarked the Cynical Codger, the way I relax and relief and relief those days, one would think it will the season for Society-mixed picnics."—[San Francisco Herald.

The Town Reformer.

"There ain't but one man in our town that isn't influenced by my wife's wishes."

"And who is he, pray?"

"He's the sensible observer."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer

Better Than a Telephone.

Dude—I say, I met the most charming girl last night.

Buddy—Yes. As soon as I leave the world she goes over and repeats it to her mother.—[Chicago News.

Two.

No Preference.

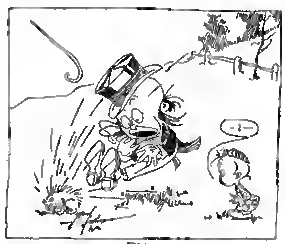
"I dunno as I a far great advantage in be is preferred creditor."

"Why not?"

"Bimeabout was a preferred creditor of old Pilgrim."

"I didn't know that!"

"Yes, Pilgrim's widow preferred him to all the rest an' married him, too."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer



Three.

Another Wasted Effort.

"Do I make myself plain?"

"Yes sir.

"Could I make myself plainer?"

"Not very likely, sir."

"You might, she said, "by letting your whiskers grow."

And then he knew that his elaborate argument on the rights and wrongs of suffrage was entirely wasted.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer

Good Suggestion.

"Yes," said the Misty Girl Gather, "when I met Cecil Troodles I was a case of love at first sight."

"You had why didn't you take an other look?"—[Baltimore Herald.

Always the Way.

"Brain is sometimes," etc.

"What now?"

"Why do I wait for an hour without letting me get to a word, and then say Why do you let me tell you all this?"—[Chicago News.

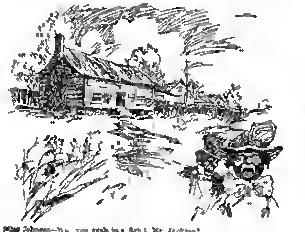
THE REASON

"Why I heard Fred Thorne marry Edith Bellwether. Between you and me Bladder apartments, and the landlord won't allow it even in the hallway.

Wheel of Time.

Little Willie—See here, pa, what is a profitable enterprise?

Pa—Selling hair-raising stories to a bald-headed man, my son.—[Chicago News.



Miss Johnson—Do you walk in a fast, Mr. Jackson?

Jackson—No, except to accompany Miss Johnson.—[Chicago Record-Herald.

Gentlemanly Performance.

"Kissed and drinks are alike in one way," remarked the breakfast cynic. "When a young man says 'just one more,' he generally takes a dozen."—[Chicago News.

An Ancient Pun.

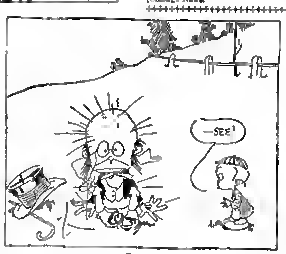
"Here," said the ancient Chaldean, he wrote laboriously on the prism tablet, "here I my latest pun. What think you of it?"

"You have certainly gilded lime hard times."—[Baltimore Herald.

Nearest He Ever Got.

She—Well, well, do you really mean to say you never even in an automobile?

He—I never was, but I fell out of a second story window once.—[Philadelphia Press.



Four

His Finish.

"Dynamite because of that professor once was always arguing that mind was only matter"—mind the professor who did not take the papers regularly.

"What matters of that?" cry the individual who has time to read about things. "Why they found out that there was something the matter with his mind."—[Judge.

How If They Were Birds.

Miss Penn Dubb—Look at that great brute of a man frowning! make poor little Mitsue. It's simply heartless! to be so cruel to poor dumb creatures.

Mr Cut up—And so sensible you shall also him, with dead flowers.—[Philadelphia Press.

THE TWO SURPRISES.

"There go Mr and Mrs Wallmark," said Mrs. LaSpecie. "Don't you remember, I murdered everybody when they got married! "I'm, answered Mr Bystander. "And I know that is practiced truthfully all the more when they stayed married.

What though the sky be gold and crop, And wedding bells say "Kate ma'am!" Love, I am still a—I can't say Down this life hand in hand my way

Rather Puzzling.

The hair had been hovering for three long hours.

"Mamma," said little Gwend, "do babies come from heaven?"

"Yes, my son," responded mamma.

"Well, how can they tell if the "hold of passer?"—[Chicago News.

Describing It Exactly.

"The world isn't what it used to be," complains the cynic. "Formerly a man had some charm. Now it is just like—just like"——

"Just like a cheese rule" said the Missouri subpoena just looking steals without an effort.—[Puck.

Very Likely.

"Where there's smoke there must be fire. I wonder would that's a question from?"

From the above remark, to doubt, some had heard an remarkable story would one of her neighbors.—[Philadelphia Press.

An Example at Hand.

"Do you believe in luck?"

"Sometimes. See that fat woman with the red hat over there?"

"Yes."

"Twenty-five years ago she refused in marry me."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer

What It Received.

"Father I'd like to borrow 11,000 to put to a house.

"Have you the plans, my son?"

"Yes I have been reading in a domestic magazine how to build a cottage for $1,500.—[Chicago News.

Ignites for Work.

"Yes, lately when the tramp "I was a victim of heredity."

"Do you mean to that your duties far work I as been interfered?"

"Sure, his father once had a practical job somewhere too do city"—[Baltimore Herald

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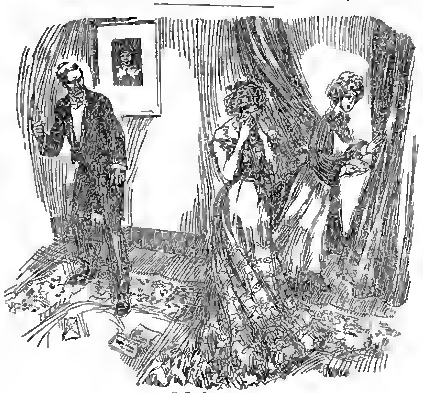


(A Two Parts)
WHEN THE BELL COMES HOME.

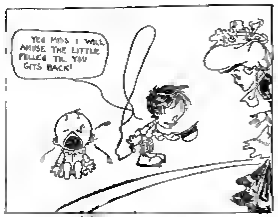
POP HAD CARRIED 'EM—SO HE KNEW.

Tommy—my son, what is meant by brothers in arms?
Miss Pepp—I smile.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

THE STUNTS OF STRENUOUS SAMMIE

He Amuses An Infant.



—"It," I Can.

His Viewpoint.

What the two messengers:

"Those poor lambs have been mighty bad for business."

"O, I don't know. They've helped mine."

"They've bolstered mine out."

"That's too bad. What's your line?"

"I'm an agent for an interment company. What's yours?"

"I'm a scalp hunter."—Chicago Tribune.

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LEAD 'EM AROUND

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"Shall he agree to ben leading man."

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"Never mind understood what!" put in the Subscriber.

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Have you discovered any ideas in connection with that label?"

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Tro.

Somewhat Worse.

"I can't imagine a more annoying thing" said the schoolmaster "than to sit down on pins."

"Listen," suggested the youth who had been in the country "it's to have horses sit down on you."—Philadelphia Press.

Angel Provoker

Reginald—I am sure your father gained a big pleasure for his opinion to-day I didn't know he was so much interested in me.

Bessy—Yes, he wanted to get his temper up. He is going down to look a man [illegible] name.—[Chicago News.

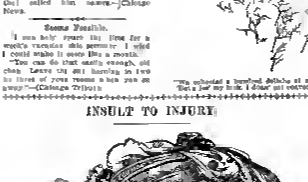
Seems Possible.

I am holy yours the thing for a cupid's vacation this summer. I wish I could make it more like a month.

"You can do that easily enough, old chap. Leave off all hunting in two to three of your rooms a box you go away."—[Chicago Tribune.

"He collected a hundred dollars at our church last Sunday for the heathen." "But I thought he was a heathen himself."—[Life.

INSULT TO INJURY



Bibel—Wouldn't he give me his position now? Maybe—No, he never could. And he sold up his newspaper with a big "cut" on it readers. That true, Gertie?

UP-TO-DATE.

Ira Yorkley—Now if you could only know when you want to talk Dow!

Their Strong Points.

Holden—Four kings of the Revolution your so-called patriot generals were really a common illiterate lot. Most of their correspondence was not only ungrammatical, but—

Yarden—Their style left with the King's English, sure enough.—[Philadelphia Press.

Cause of It All.

"Chicago seems to have developed a behold for murders, said the man from St. Louis.

"That's right," replied the Chicago man with the colloidal collar and the hungry look "our hospital rooms have nothing contagious exemplars."—[Chicago News.

"Ah," said the wife, "we can't go to the Golden Wedd for the summer door. That glass is too cheap. We couldn't handy to be seen there. My profession would of be the Hotel Metal."

"Or, we couldn't afford to be seen there for our fair" sweetest [illegible husband. "It is too expensive."—Judge.

Matter of Choice.

Mrs. Nosier—I don't understand how Mrs. Mixem can smoke so much that on that awful pipe.

Mrs. Nosiboo—Why, it is possible that you have never met his husband?—[Chicago News.

HIGH STAKES.

Each day the foreign news so sad. Each day a panic strange appears. We find our hair with worry is sad. Than we can learn to spell in years.—[Chicago Star

Sympathetic Fear.

"Mr. Mudcreek, I am sorry to say that your son Josh has been arrested for stealing a watermelon."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the father. "Well, I'm glad he didn't get caught on the ground in a shower. I'm afraid he'd have ketched his death of cold."—[Chicago Tribune.

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Landlady—What part of the chicken will you have, Mr. Sparrow?

Mr. Sparrow—Oh, about half of it will be enough, thank you.—Chicago News.

Prompt Distinction.

"You don't all me that Mollie and her husband have separated! That's the quickest case of separating I ever heard of. What was the trouble?"

"It says her mother-in-law interposed, and she says he's too stingy for any one. You know they went over to do Joe to be married. Well after the ceremony was over her thought she might suppress a little and she said she'd be a hick of her corner. He said there was no use of wasting money and suggested the hotel of supper during any to ice cream they go and sit down in a park bench and watch the beautiful sunset."—[Chicago Tribune.

LEAD 'EM AROUND

Wife

"It's sports for next season with a company contract liberty in limit pedestrian.

"Shall he agree to ben leading man."

The Cheerful Idiot.

"I never could understand," began Ito Cheerful Idiot, as he had just been listening to a dissertation on pessimist ical mahal

"Never mind understood what!" put in the Subscriber.

"I never could fully understand why a cadaver shoe wasn't entitled to be called a watermocassin."—[Baltimore American.

A Walking Gazza

Have you discovered any ideas in connection with that label?"

"None whatever," answered the dispirit.

"What are you going to be the cause?"

"Playing a walking gazza. Waiting for one of the corner saloonists you read knocks in search to come along and serve the whole thing without any trouble on our part.—[Washington Star.

Professional Zip.

"Do you believe that arsenic is good for the complexion?" asked the female of quite a non scientific age.

"Yes, for most complexions," replied the great rival of M. I have known it to improve some who's pasteboard."—[Chicago News

Tro.

Somewhat Worse.

"I can't imagine a more annoying thing" said the schoolmaster "than to sit down on pins."

"Listen," suggested the youth who had been in the country "it's to have horses sit down on you."—Philadelphia Press.

Angel Provoker

Reginald—I am sure your father gained a big pleasure for his opinion to-day I didn't know he was so much interested in me.

Bessy—Yes, he wanted to get his temper up. He is going down to look a man [illegible] name.—[Chicago News.

Seems Possible.

I am holy yours the thing for a cupid's vacation this summer. I wish I could make it more like a month.

"You can do that easily enough, old chap. Leave off all hunting in two to three of your rooms a box you go away."—[Chicago Tribune.

"He collected a hundred dollars at our church last Sunday for the heathen." "But I thought he was a heathen himself."—[Life.

INSULT TO INJURY

Bibel—Wouldn't he give me his position now? Maybe—No, he never could. And he sold up his newspaper with a big "cut" on it readers. That true, Gertie?

UP-TO-DATE.

Ira Yorkley—Now if you could only know when you want to talk Dow!

Their Strong Points.

Holden—Four kings of the Revolution your so-called patriot generals were really a common illiterate lot. Most of their correspondence was not only ungrammatical, but—

Yarden—Their style left with the King's English, sure enough.—[Philadelphia Press.

Cause of It All.

"Chicago seems to have developed a behold for murders, said the man from St. Louis.

"That's right," replied the Chicago man with the colloidal collar and the hungry look "our hospital rooms have nothing contagious exemplars."—[Chicago News.

"Ah," said the wife, "we can't go to the Golden Wedd for the summer door. That glass is too cheap. We couldn't handy to be seen there. My profession would of be the Hotel Metal."

"Or, we couldn't afford to be seen there for our fair" sweetest [illegible husband. "It is too expensive."—Judge.

Matter of Choice.

Mrs. Nosier—I don't understand how Mrs. Mixem can smoke so much that on that awful pipe.

Mrs. Nosiboo—Why, it is possible that you have never met his husband?—[Chicago News.

HIGH STAKES.

Each day the foreign news so sad. Each day a panic strange appears. We find our hair with worry is sad. Than we can learn to spell in years.—[Chicago Star

Sympathetic Fear.

"Mr. Mudcreek, I am sorry to say that your son Josh has been arrested for stealing a watermelon."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the father. "Well, I'm glad he didn't get caught on the ground in a shower. I'm afraid he'd have ketched his death of cold."—[Chicago Tribune.

Not Discouraging.

"Now what do you think of Christ" asked the man who had got the skills to a corner and read his "advert" to him. "Don't you think I'd better have it copyrighted?"

"Well," replied the cutlth "that may certainly need to be studied, but its doubtful whether it's really worth while."—[Philadelphia Press.

A Cautious Lover.

Johnny read the prize tale in the think boy. "Has your sister read the novel Seven Phillies?"

Ain't seen it in her home," answered the boy.

"Good," muttered the young man, with a sigh of relief. "I'd hate to see the love scenes in that book have been recognized."—Chicago Post.

Literally True.

Clerk—That's old man Driver who just walked out. He robbed me blind.

Pilcott—There you go with your sensational slang. He hasn't really "taken you blind." You should say—

Clerk—No fool does. I'm working for him now.—[Philadelphia Press.

REALIZED HIS POSITION

Mr. Rockyou—Don't you know you mustn't try to be dining here as the fashionable folks do? Now go down and wait your turn.—Puck.

After the Pudding.

Tom—Miss Flirtaway says that it's not cost of the cushionless summer are not so much on change as they sometimes appear.

Jess—How does she get that information, down on them?

Tom—Being a dressmaker she gets 90 it the finish in College, absolutely at the inside figure.—[Philadelphia Press.

ALMOST

Lord Dundreary—Dwyer said I'd win. He ain't as considerate as he was a baby, I know.

Hard Luck.

"Oh, dear!" wailed the first summer boil. "My new bathing suit is a wreck."

"What happened to it?" asked boiled No. 2.

"I got caught on the hand in a shower on the morning, that's what," answered one of the worst mid.—[Chicago News.

Crippled.

"Waal" exclaimed the cantfoolo, as the horsehaver swatted him with the obsolete. "What's wrigin my mare?"

"She certainly did shook you off your feet," remarked the eyewaddle ig.

"Wuss than that, grunted the vic tim. "I'll bet she's busted fifty on sixty of my foul ed hair."—[Philadelphia Press.

An Attempt At Explaining It.

"I see that King Pete of Servia had retained all the palace couplers that were in the service of King Alexander."

"That looks as if there might be I mistake of that sort in Servia, too."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer

Waythe Commenting.

"Papa, Mister—You wrote you had a good spy glass! What for?

Gumspoon—Son's I could bring that runaway away over three miles up in me.—[Chicago Tribune.

Stone.

Qualified.

"Oh, Mrs. Mudcreek!" said the summer boarder kindly, "I am sorry I have to say that I hardly think your son would be admitted into the navy himself, but I cannot, I is conscientious to you to have such condition for him, do you know he really looks the training and all that?"

"Looks training, eh?" asked Mrs. Mudcreek. "Why I bought him one o' them sailor suits last summer an' I only paid one year a hundred dollars in them for rounds. Do things for that, do they? I can see, then's why some fools is all into sailor suit, eh!"—[Judge.

Hampered By a Dentition.

"An instinct that has received a legacy of 100,000 worried he agrees to marry a New Jersey woman."

"Is dy testifying?"

"I fancies that he is. But there's one thing sure about it."

"What's that?"

"If he marries the New Jersey woman is good many people will infer that he hadn't have received the money."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer

All In the Sketch.

"Last Sunday's collection was remarkable," said the Rev. Dr. Sharpe "but I hesitated two while a text for next Sunday's sermon.

"Indeed?" He sentymen, text a hot will your text be?"

"The poor we dyes always with us."—[Philadelphia Press.

She Was Stern.

"You're unreasoning, my dear" he sneered.

"Or how," she returned.

"Then you admit that you are sometimes," he suggested.

"I admit that I didn't reason to any appreciable extent when I married," she returned.—[Chicago Post.

In Doubt.

Doesn't your son Josh use a great deal of slang?

"I can't tell he does, answered Farmer Corntassel. "But we all kinder don't correct him 'cause we don't be sure whether some of the words is slang or improvements he get out o' the carrier."—[Washington Star.

The Odds Against Him.

Mrs. Pike—Mother says she is to stop takin' in summer boarders, as she's got her quiet now.

Mrs. Pitt—Why pa, what's the trouble?

Mrs. Pike—They're no use in goin' for ours with forrest summer boarders people for their custom.—Judge.

A Self-Evident Truth.

Sister, we heard the reverend sister Wisdom.)

Walter—O, what are those funny cutaway coverings on the gents for?

Capt. McSlatz—Why'et you know that I'll given have breakfast!—[Baltimore American.

He Was Modest.

Landlady—What part of the chicken will you have, Mr. Sparrow?

Mr. Sparrow—Oh, about half of it will be enough, thank you.—Chicago News.

THEY WERE TRIPLETS.

From Moving.

(At Pen—So you are a daddy at? I'll drink a glass of wine to the health of the new arrival.

Ned Pen (sadly)—Drink three.

An Awful Job.

"What of my future?" asked the fair maid.

Be Bonnet—I wonder what type I be?

Miss Mentor (sweetly)—Poetry I can't see.

"Too will never know what grief or sorrow is," answered the fortune teller.

Ah—ooh I marry?" queried the fair lady, anxiously.

"Sure" replied the visionary prophet.

"Your Uncle."—[Chicago News.

Jo Bonnet—Well, it must be about time I was getting home.

Miss Mentor—Oh, I'm sure it is not so much later than that!—[Chicago Tribune.

HERE'S A LAUGH FOR THE CARD-PLAYER.

"She is a queen."

"But all you know?"

"She is what every Jack that hits the bench."

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

HOLD-UP HAROLD MAK S A MISTAKE.

ONE.

Spelling a Continuous Ticklet.

"Understand you're going to move, pocket?"

"Yes"

"What's the trouble?"

"The baby strays near."

"I should think you might get used to them."

"Oh, they don't bother me any."

"Then why move?"

"Because their interrupt my wife's."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cycle Up-to-Date.

Cycle Hitch has written an "entirely new play."—Thankful Note.

Next, Mr. Pilot's press agent will have him losing his diamonds.—Baltimore American.

A Pint to Practice.

"Is there much competition for a lawyer in practice in this town?"

"I should say so. If he doesn't practice sometimes he can't keep busy."—Kansas City Journal.

TWO.

Asked and Answered.

"Pharaoh an engygram!" asked Mrs. O'Hara, as she looked up from the paper she was attempting to peruse.

"Faith, no. What engygram at all is necessary ay you, replied Mr. O'Hara. "Any forty-year-old chiefs should be aither knowing that an engygram do be a fishy tool's particulahs about playin', he says, he does."—Chicago News.

A Low Cut.

Hilldun—I was given a low cut this morning, and by an old friend of mine, too.

Tinker—Sorry old man. Who is he?

Hilldun—Klingstive, the cut-rate dental broke. He cut me half price for New York.—Baltimore American.

The Flight.

"Try with me?" he said, pantomimically. "There is only one course left for me—to resort to flight!"

But an ice mistaken, as soon developed. When her father appeared a few moments later he flew without her.—Kansas City Journal.

"Did yerse hear about Shimmie makin' de ice boat idea is de same as' Sunday?"

"Wot, dat wasn't nuttin to de base ball biz wuddat made when de knocked him playin' on Sunday!"

Something Unusual.

Giles—That fellow Chalker is certainly a remarkable man.

Jiles—Come on with the explanation.

Giles—I beat him three straight games at billiards last night and he never said a word about how well he used to play before he got out of practice.—Chicago News.

Words and Deeds.

Great admirer by conversation
Also an often talker;
We seep in talk sooner over,
Until they're asleep.
—Washington Star.

The Family "Champeen."

Descriptive" Music.

(At a Farce Concert.)

First Listener—What is that they're playing now?

Second Listener (referring at his programme)—A descriptive medley.

First Listener—What is it intended to describe?

Second Listener—Well, as I look at it—"A Day at the Circus."

First Listener—And what part of the details is that supposed to be that the music is now describing?

Second Listener—I don't know. Somebody just swindled our programme away from me.—Baltimore American.

Foolish Question.

Miss Passay—Col. Grand is just lovely. He asked me to-day if I remembered the last one he danced with.

Miss Fact—How ridiculous of him to ask you that!

Miss Passay—Wasn't it, though? Miss Fact—Of course he might know you'd have all kinds plain of it.—Philadelphia Press.

Trix Followed.

"Pardon me," with its four strongs
This may I ask what the deal is?"
"Certainly sir replied stranger No. 2.
"Well, what is it?" counted the party of the first prefix.
I don't know" answered he of the Jacks.—Chicago News.

The Ever-Present.

Calvert, Jr.—You say you Eve an ele-ph adopted? And at what place?

Scaly Bore—You know that new pale and bear billboard they have put up? Well, by climbing a step-ladder you can see my house—I live right Second theh.—Baltimore American.

Odd, Indeed.

He—You, I'm in the lookout for a chance to embrace an opportunity

She—What an odd name!

He—Pshaw! It's old enough!

She —Also figuratively.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Suggestive Face.

Mr.—That face of mine has a speaking countenance, hasn't it?

She—Do you think so?

Mr.—Yes. It always says to me plainly as words could "Beware of the dog."—Chicago Tribune.

AND MAY THE BEST MAN WIN.

As They Met and Parted.

The chronic office holder had been campaigning for the principles of politics in turn over his last job to an influential man from one of the back townships.

"I little thought," he said, as his successor came in claim possession, "I little thought I'd live to give up my place in a day like you."

"You call me a day, I suppose," replied the other pleasantly. "Because I am depriving you of your seat. Well! be a friend, with a comprehensive grasp of the functional furnishings of the apartment) "you mean to have feelings of pain?" Most you be going? Good day."—Chicago Tribune.

Justifiable Failure.

Gotward Agassiz—Did you attend that meeting of the Maryland Association for the Deaf?

Ear-Trumpet Salesman—Yes, I found around there all afternoon, but the presiding officer was grouchy and wouldn't give me a hearing.—Baltimore American.

A Rich Idea.

"I'm surprised to hear" said Si Twigsby "that you, Uncle Sam's Cabin' was so successful in the South: That singer makes I go there certain."

"I know and I guess we'd have had a good, helpful time! Course, if it hadn't been for the lynching parties that bired our bloodhounds to run down their visitors!"—Philadelphia Press.

His Opinion.

"I can prize fighters fight in a ring," remarked Miss Gidgett. "What kind of a ring is it?"

"An encirclement ring is used for asserting," replied the old scholar. "but when it is to be a fight in a fair, a wedding ring is used, I believe."—Chicago News.

The Starter Way

"I understand that you have been encouraging a rich a view to discovering who the philosopher's stone," said the boyhood friend.

"Yes, said the intellectual man. "If I discover it I shan become rich."

"But what's the use of waiting so long? Why don't you get to one straight from by energy and get rich at once?" and bathing contrast, the man as I shall."—Washington Star

He Did.

Mrs. Gadby—Does your the hand fingerboring with a view to discovering who the philosopher's stone," said the boyhood friend.

"Yes, said the intellectual man. "If I discover it I shan become rich."

"But what's the use of waiting so long? Why don't you get to one straight from by energy and get rich at once?" and bathing contrast, the man as I shall."—Washington Star

Mean Too Afraid Of.

A kiss is short the only thing that a woman can throw straight.—Exchange.

Mixed At the Referendum.

Amazon, Miss.

"We are looking for the coast," explained the young man on the porch, to the father of the young woman seated not in the chair was definitely her.

"Why hims you, pain the oil gentleman, "the coast is in an entirely different part of the bay."

And he took him around to the other side of the house, showed him the bay, lots of the ocean, and asked to join half an hour about I."—Chicago Tribune.

Advice to Lovers.

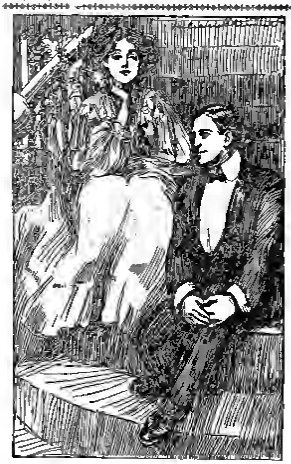
"Have you any affirmable understanding, Miss Gadby?"

"Yes, affirmable to this climate."—Chicago Tribune.

His Ambition.

He looked enviously at the moon.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "wouldn't it be great if a baseball player could grow to be like that, sometimes?"—Chicago Tribune.



"The Broomacker said my ma dress home he a boy but she didn't send the bill. I wonder why she didn't?"

"I guess the boy couldn't carry both."

Anything For Friends.

Bottleigh—I say—but young pocket Mrs. Gibbston on the—at—beach yesterday. She—er—said yer—sister at the hotel imagined yer and I as brothers and minds. Smoke here?

Miss Cutting—Well, if Mrs. Gobbleton said that she's no sense of mine.—[Chicago Tribune.

Helping Him Along.

Mr. Mire—I would be awfully pleased if you thought enough of me to call me by my first name.
Miss Willings—Oh your his name is good enough for me.

Not Quite Right.

"John said he's light."
"And what the George say?"
"He said 'Cotse he' "
"And what did John say?"
"He said he'd changed his mind."
"And what his George say?"
"He said 'Cotse so.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer

THREE.

Mean Man.

"The talk about a man having departed from the portrait" said the railway magnate, as he rose in an argumentative mood. "What people characteristic of the monkey his man is—what, I like to know?"

"Well," said the professor "the monkey you know has a prehensile tail. Now, he'ving no use for a tail, has got rid of that, but he retains the prehensive characteristic in his fingers, and is to this to-day at that enables him to do everything to night."—[Chicago Tribune.

Dangerous Other Way

"Don't you think we had better tell the public that we are opposed to the trusts?"

"What for?" answered Senator Sorghum. "The trust for that has yeah. The people won't believe and the sooner might."—[Washington Star.

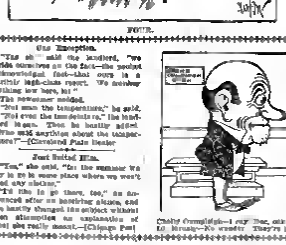
Status of the Club.

Talmage—Do you think the saloon is the poor man's club?

Jumper—I don't know about that but the rich is the rich man's saloon, all right.—Harvard City Record.

Hasty Fanders.

Most people claim they don't be Eve, and yet that means a question.
Those cold-blush patrons seem to end To his—of indignation.
—Philadelphia Press.



FOUR.

A Clever Lawyer.

"Yes sir" said the landlord, "we pride ourselves on the fact—the pocket acknowledge, that—that ours is a strictly high-class resort. We receive nothing to harm, sir."

The newcomer nodded.

"But even the temperance," he said. "Did ever the two desists in," the hinted word is sure. "Does he hastily added. "You said something about the temperance?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Just Suited Him.

"Yes," she said, "for the summer we try to go to some place where we won't need any chicken."

"I'd like to go there, too," an announced after an hesitating silence, the hastily changed the subject without even attempting an explanation of what she really meant.—[Chicago Post.

As Suggested.

"Will you recommend for for better a for "corns?" asked the impressions suitor.

"What notes I do with you?" queried the society belgian who was beginning to have which for "corns."

"Well," suggested the t. a. "you might do Europe with me as a starter."—[Chicago Post.

No Wife-Seeker Yet.

"Ah!" sighed the poetess of queried in a note, to me "Have you never sighed and hoped for a wife?"

"Many and many a time," replied the patient young bookly, "but it seems soon to be my lot to say husband is seventy-five now and he looks to be good for ten years more, at least."—[Philadelphia Press.

Future Details.

"My collect desires your society to-morrow on with the intention to which I have been accustomed," said the hitcher.

"Aren't such discussions untimely?" replied Baron Pawnable. "We can never be good friends unless we ascertain the size of the lovery."—[Washington Star.

Country Doctor—Well, John, yer wife has gastric fever
John Hayrick—Can't see how it's to be. We've never burned gas—always used lamps.

A Business Woman.

Mrs. Dixie—I was so shocked to hear of your husband's death. I called a couple with you on your great loss.
Mrs. Wolf (absently) Yes but it was fully covered by insurance